

# DOCTOR • WHO

## HOT METAL

PART ONE

Daq taH joq ghobe.  
Daq taH.

Even with the TARDIS's  
universal translator,  
it's important to brush  
up on your Galactic  
languages.

Script CHRISTOPHER COOPER  
Art JOHN ROSS  
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK  
Letters PAUL VYSE

Oops!

**CRASH!**

The collision  
avoidance  
compensators  
must've failed.  
*Again.* I should  
really get them  
seen to.

Hang on. *That*  
shouldn't be  
there.

An interstellar body, with  
a planetary mass and  
breathable atmosphere,  
in the middle of a major  
galactic bypass.

I've heard of  
traffic jams,  
but this is  
*ridiculous!*

This isn't right. It  
doesn't smell like a  
planet... More like  
*papier-mâché.*

And the floor's  
all *squishy.*



*Weird* - this planetoid is composed entirely of vegetable fibres, bonded with hydrogen.

Wood pulp!

It *is* made of papier-mâché!

Whatever this place is, it's a *menace* to careful drivers.

At least this crew managed to eject in time.

Hello. Where are you?

Here. Right here.

Help! Help me! Over here!


It's a *warning beacon*, but the signal is being *muffled* by all this papery stuff.

Eugh! What's this?










Easy, big fella.  
Keep your ears on.  
Who's holding you  
prisoner, and where?


I'm trapped in the  
News Factory. That's  
what they call it. It's  
where the Eon is printed.  
I'm Ray Royce, Hoopball  
Superstar, and head  
sports writer at the Eon.



There are *hundreds*  
*of us*. We all signed  
exclusivity contracts,  
but we didn't read the  
small print...

...and now we're held  
*prisoner* and forced  
to work as the writing  
staff on the Eon.

You have to  
help us.



We'll *soon* see about  
that. I have a few  
issues with the daily  
Eon myself, if you'll  
pardon the pun.

But how will you  
know where the  
Eon is printed?

Letters to the  
Editor! They  
*always* print the  
address there.  
Don't worry, I'm  
on my way.

Don't crease  
my pages!

Soon...

OK, Ray. Let's  
see if we can't  
find out where  
they've got you  
banged up...

Can you  
refold me  
please, I  
can't see a  
*thing*!

I've travelled with  
a lot of beings in  
my time, but never  
a tabloid headline.  
Now I know why!



It all seems very quiet for a printing press. I wonder if everyone is on their tea break?

Can *anyone* tell me where the *staff canteen* is please?

Keep it down, Doc. Someone will hear.

That's the idea.

What's this, then? Oh, that is *phenomenal*. Crystalline Memory, but on a vast scale.

You could store the neural matrices of a *million sentient life forms* in that thing. You could store *whole* people. *Whole civilisations* even.

Or a bunch of *disgruntled journalists*. It's a job I suppose.

It's *slavery*. And I'm going to put a *stop* to it right now.

Whoooooooooooo!

Not good.

WOAH!

Yikes!



